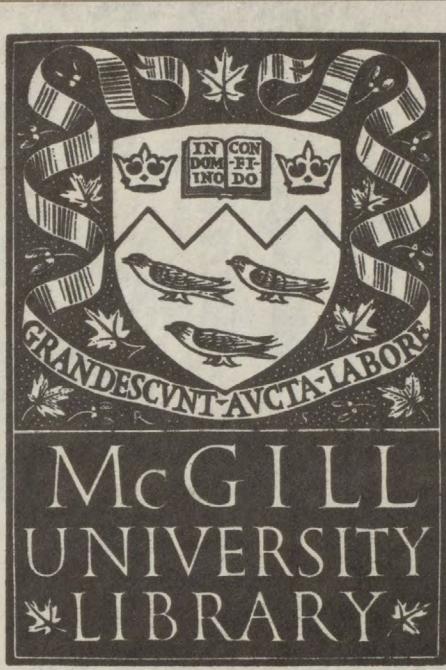


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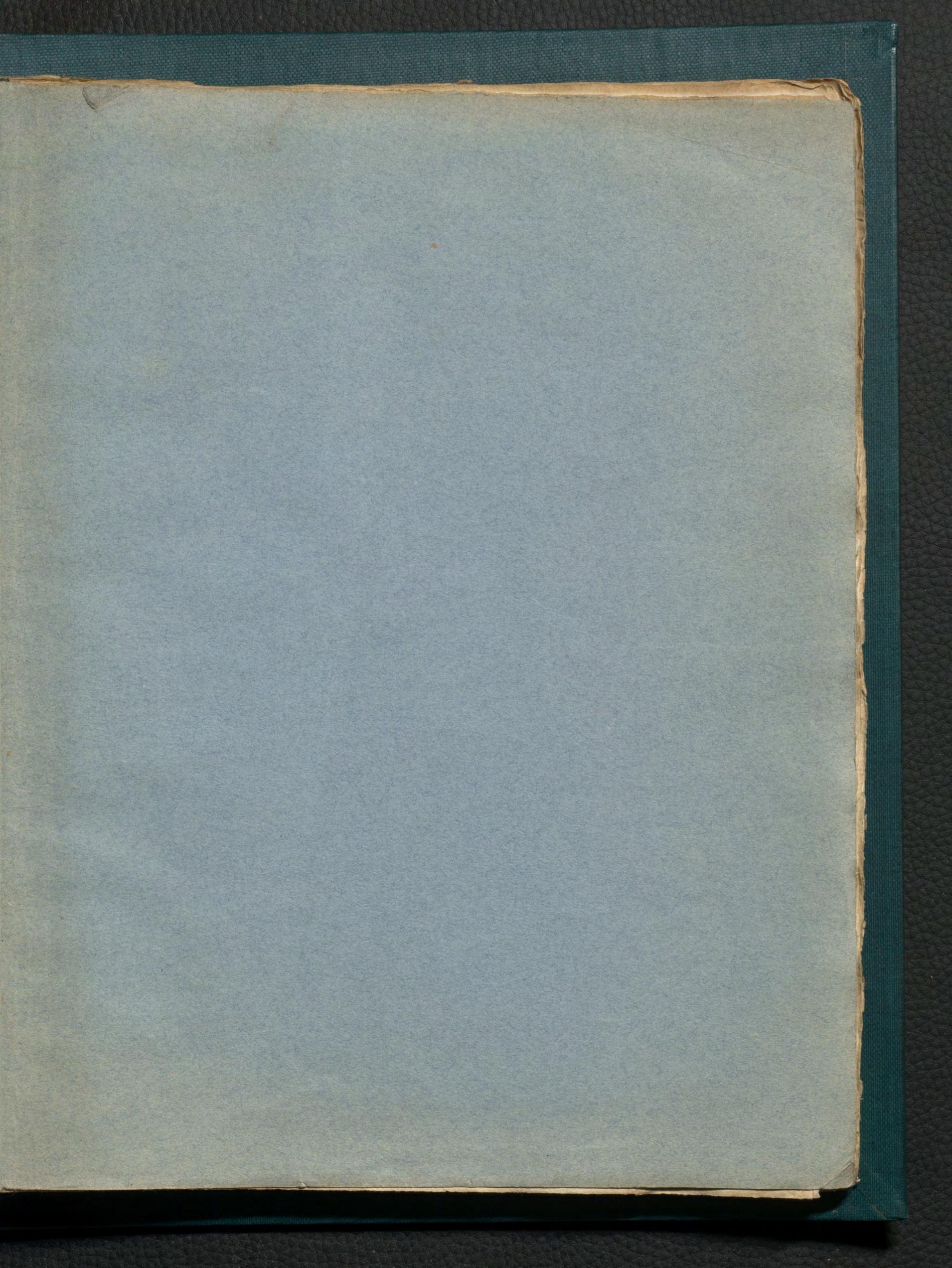
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Ghe-Boy  
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Sketches in Canada





THE ANTIENT BALLAD  
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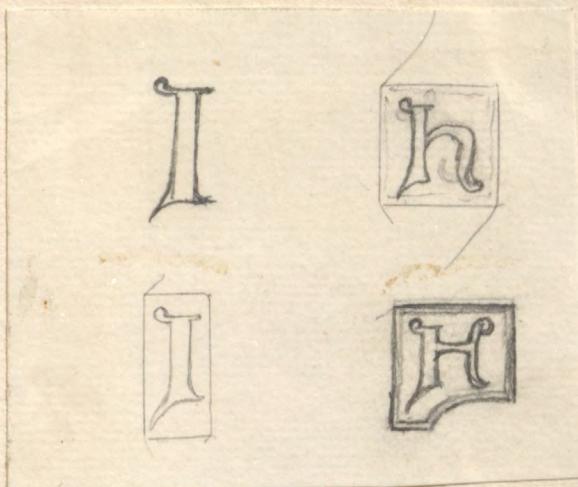
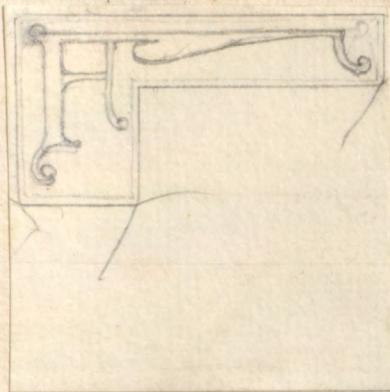
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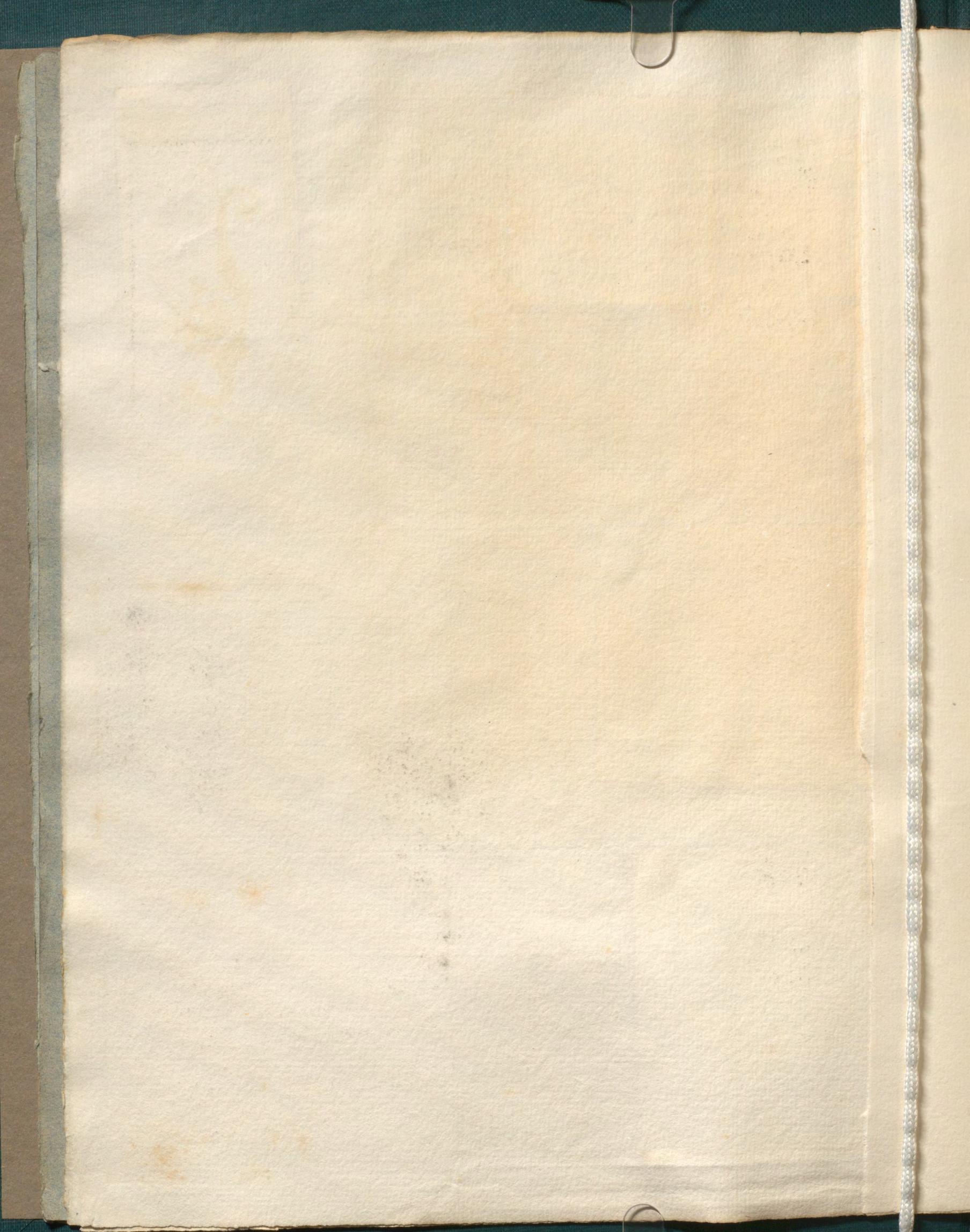


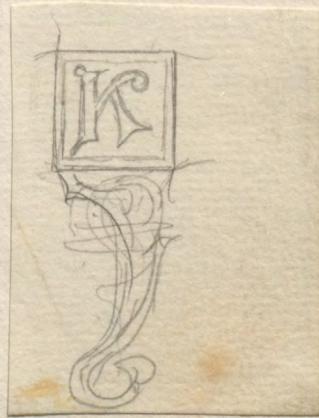
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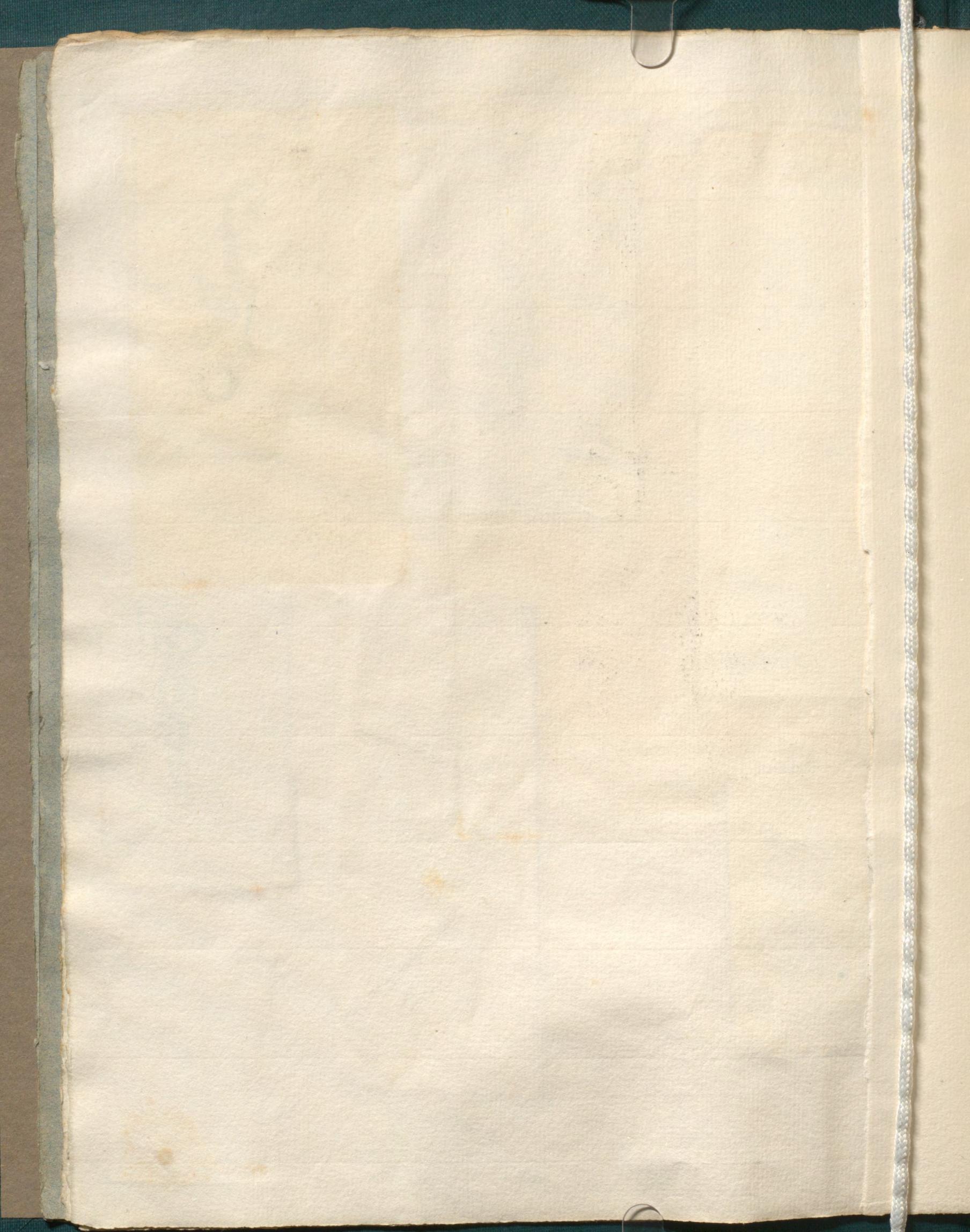


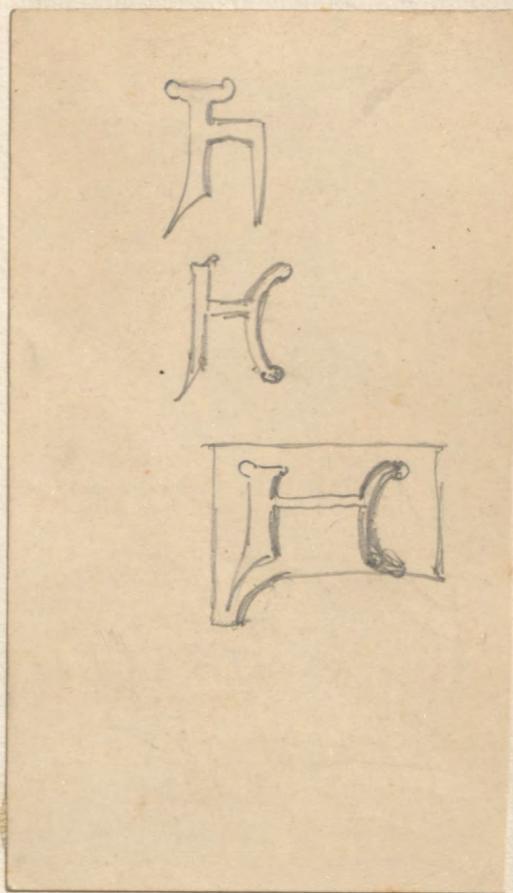
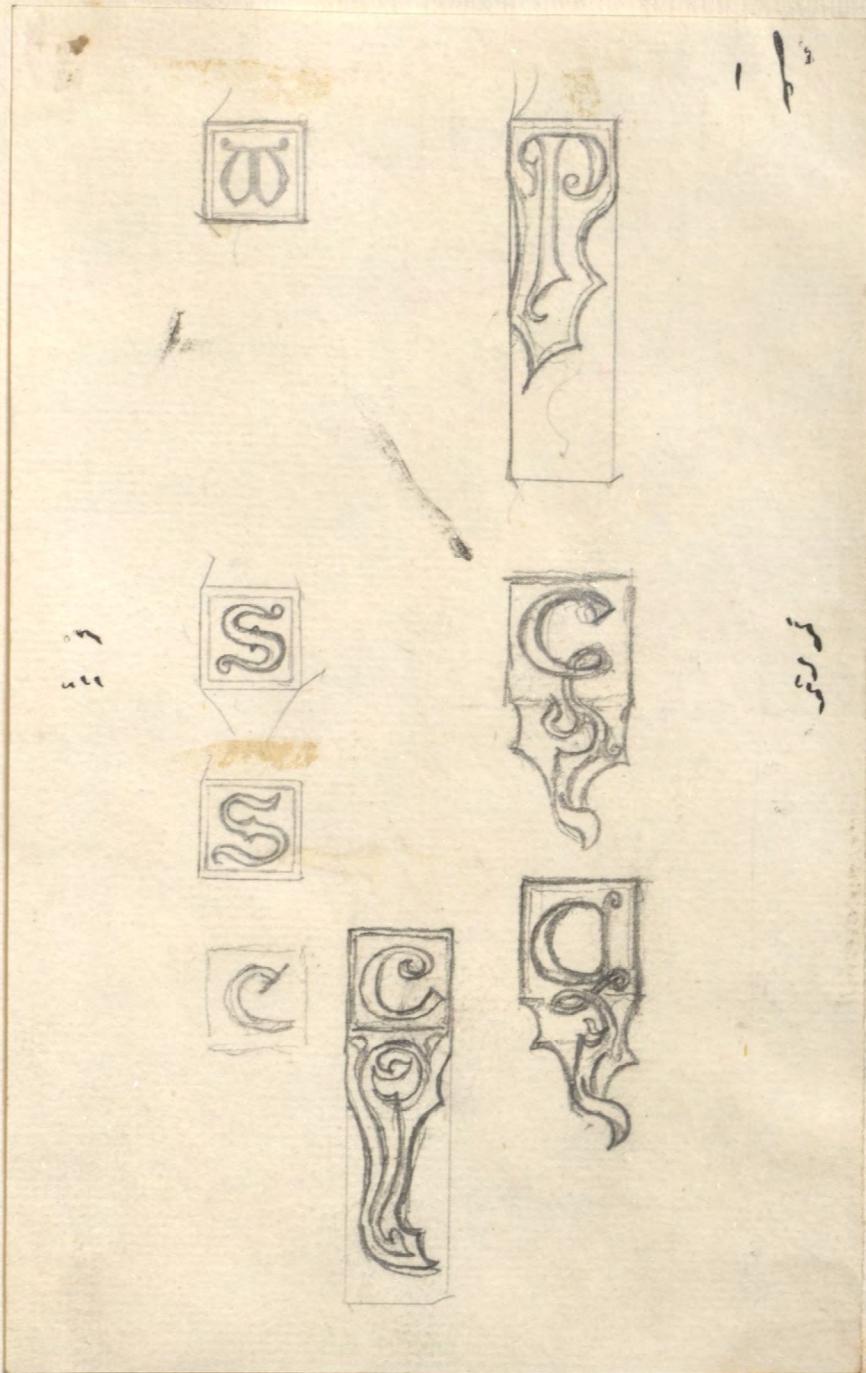




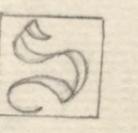
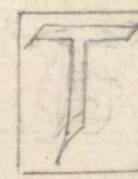


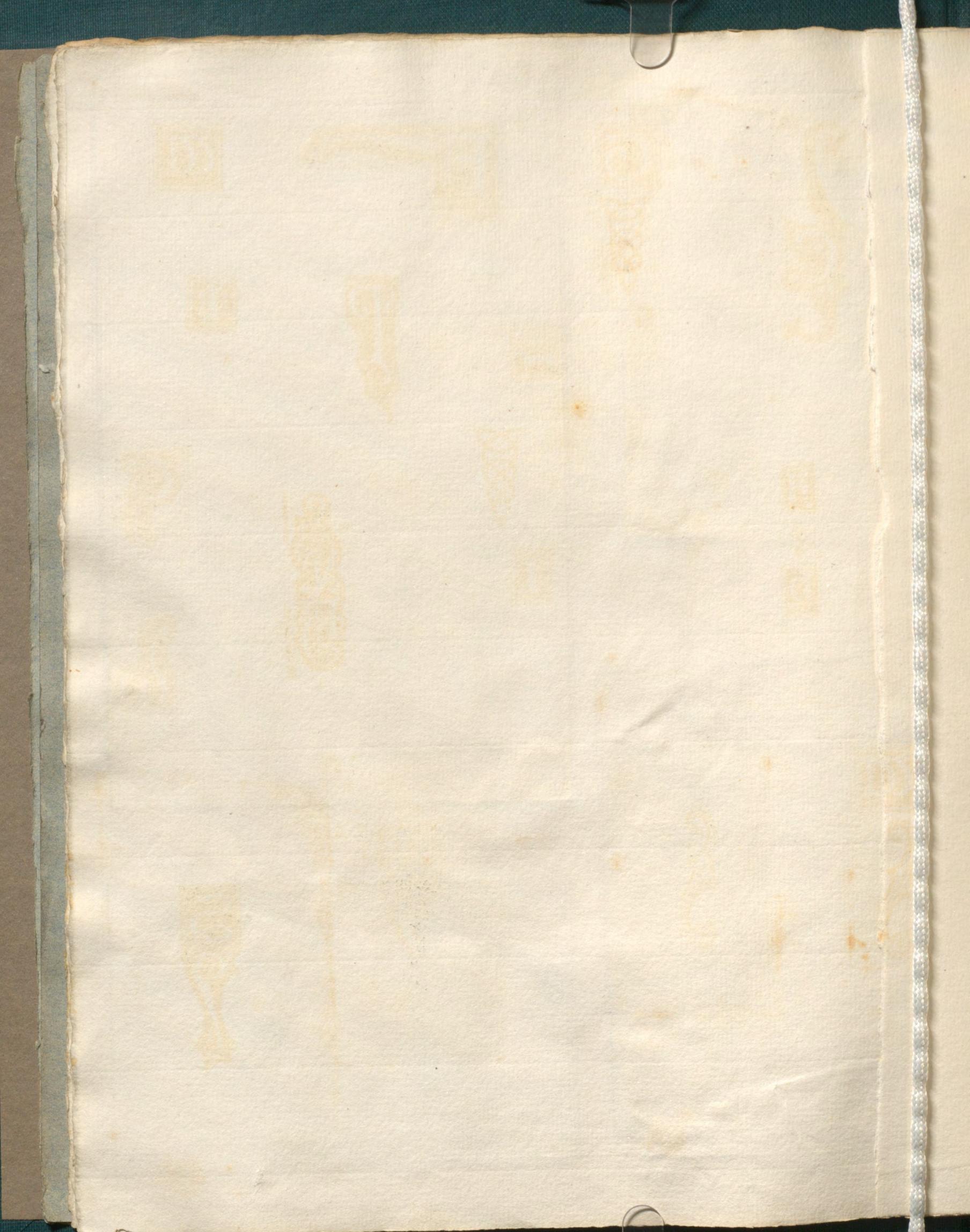












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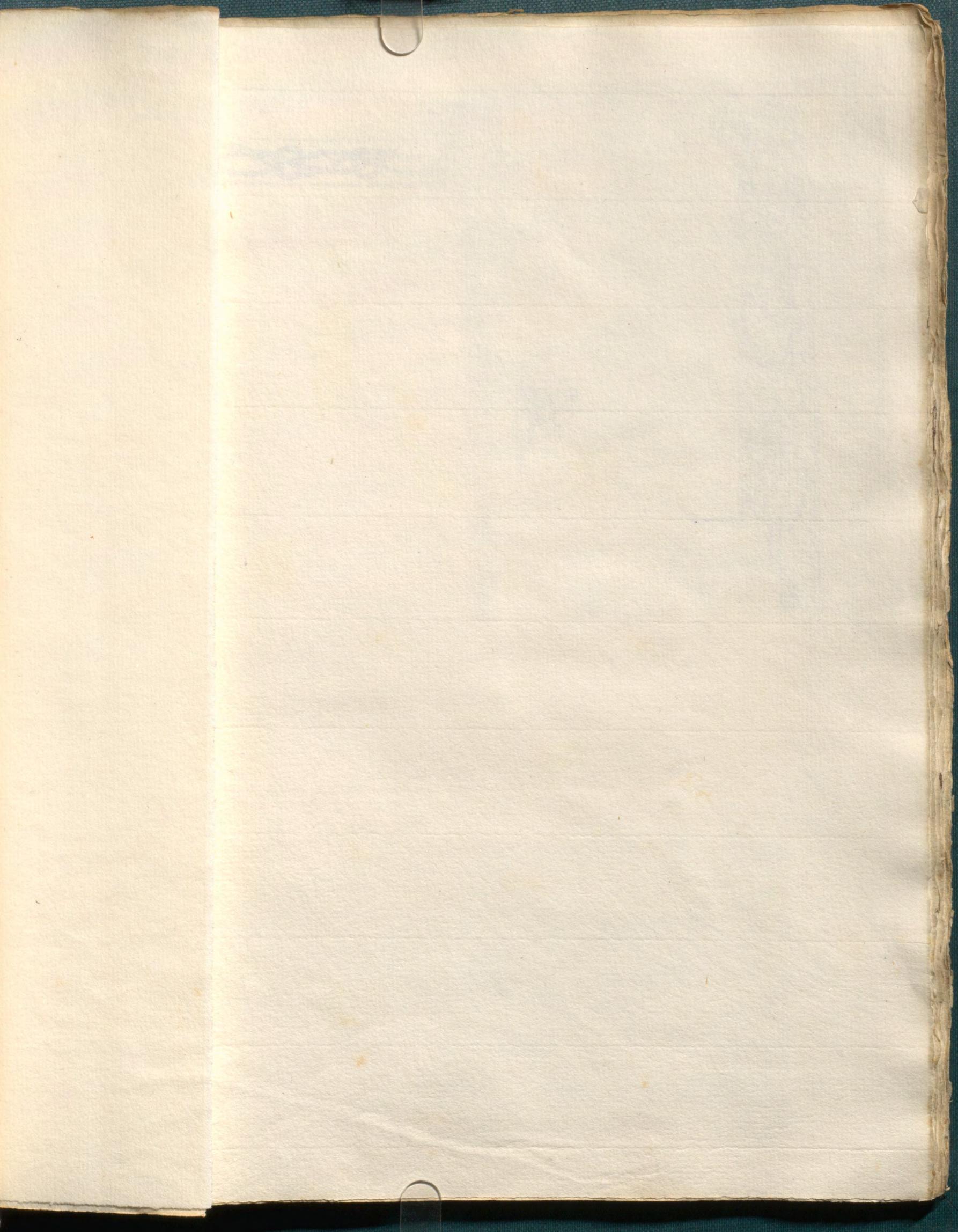
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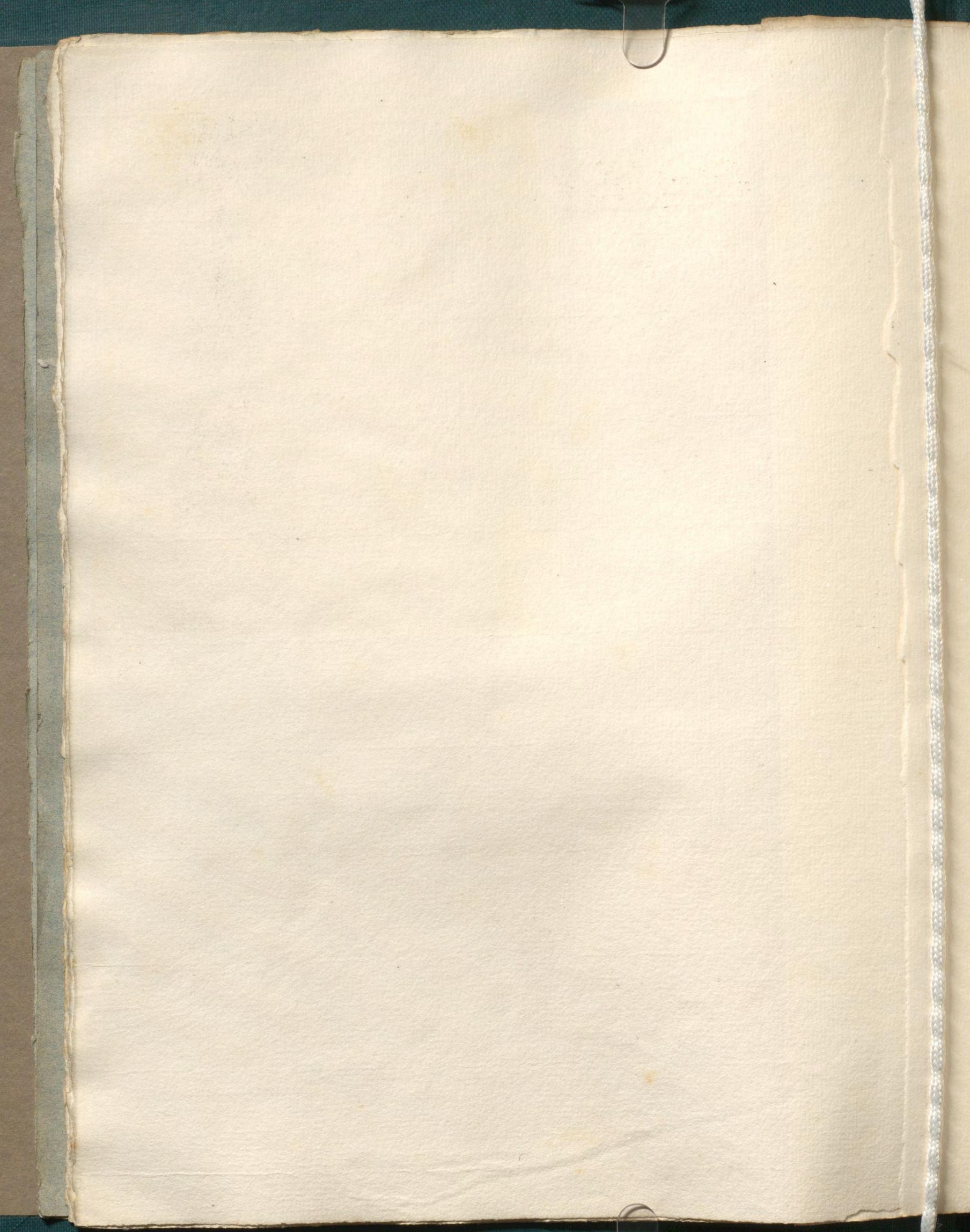
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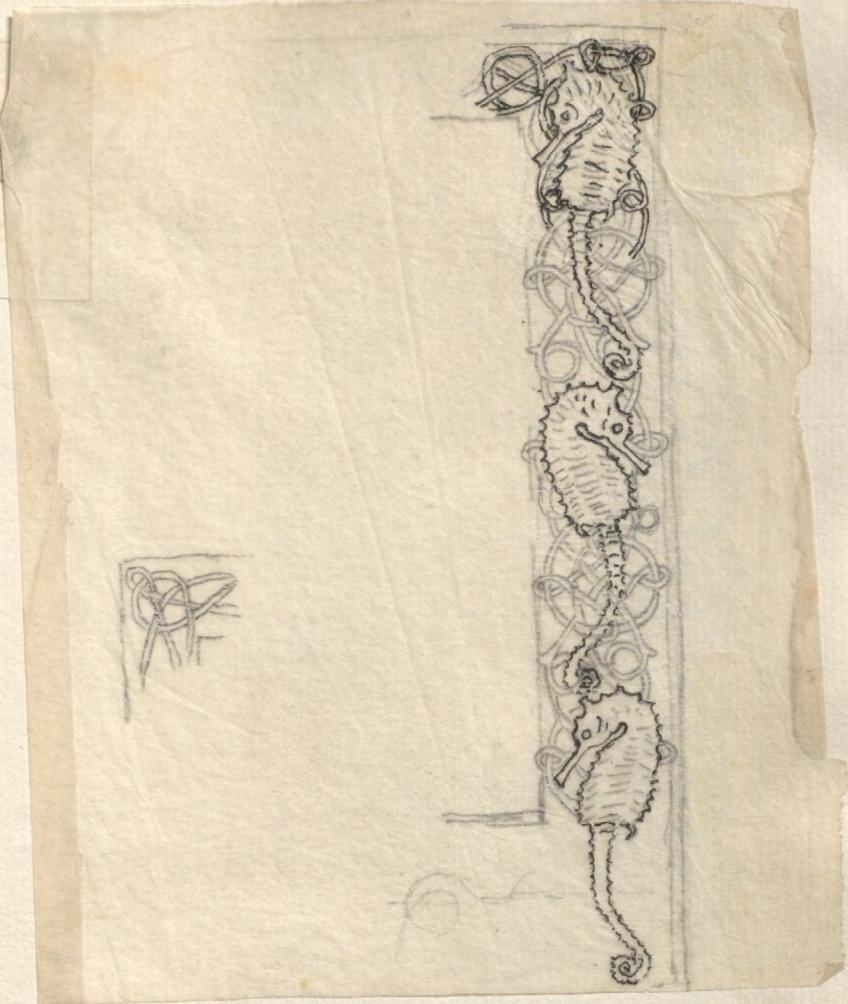
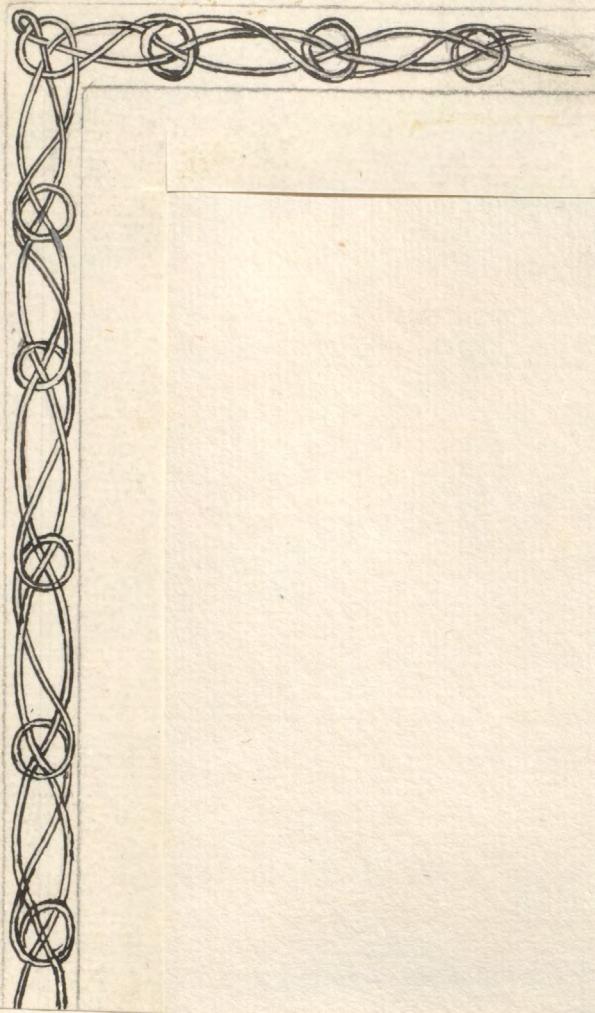
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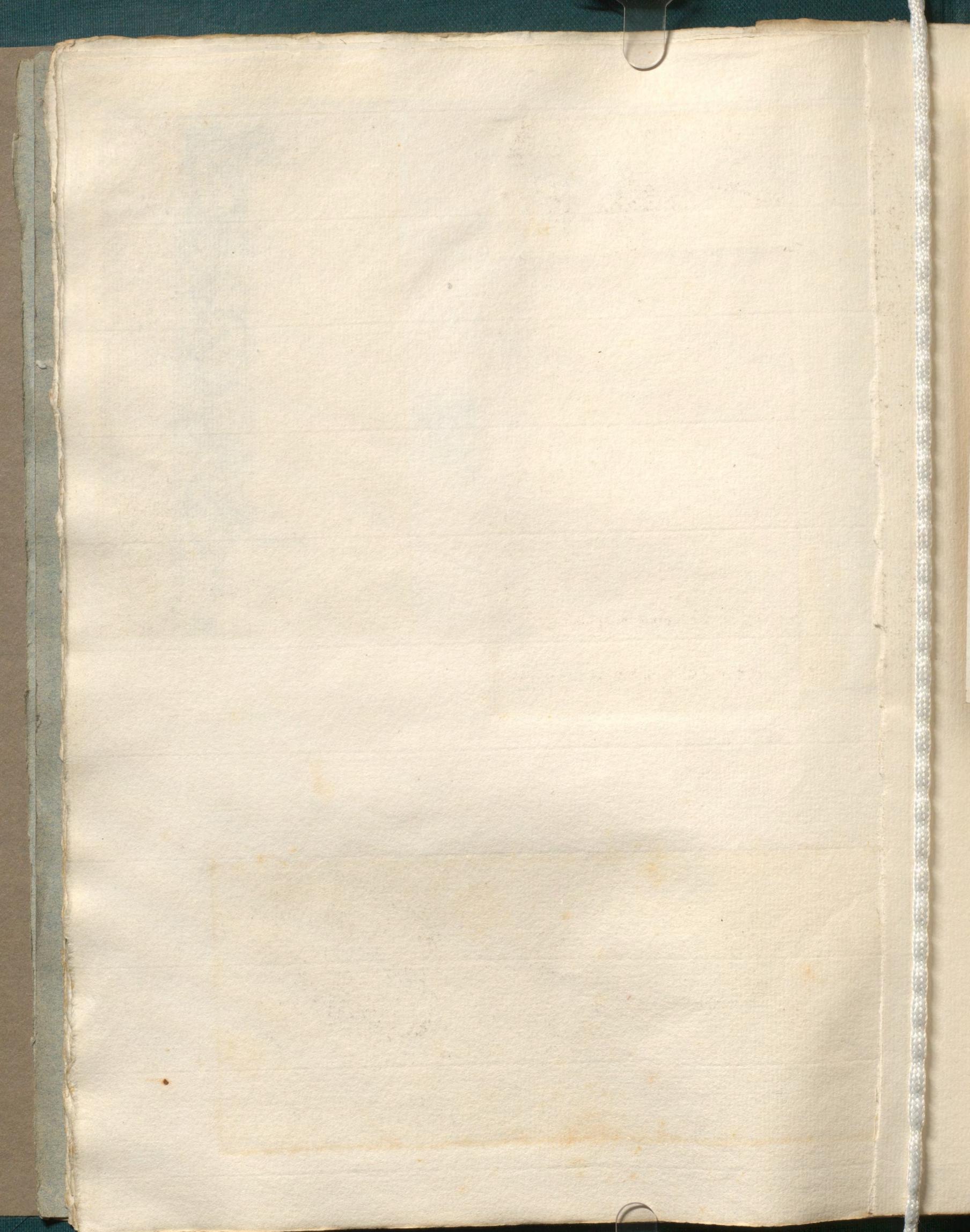


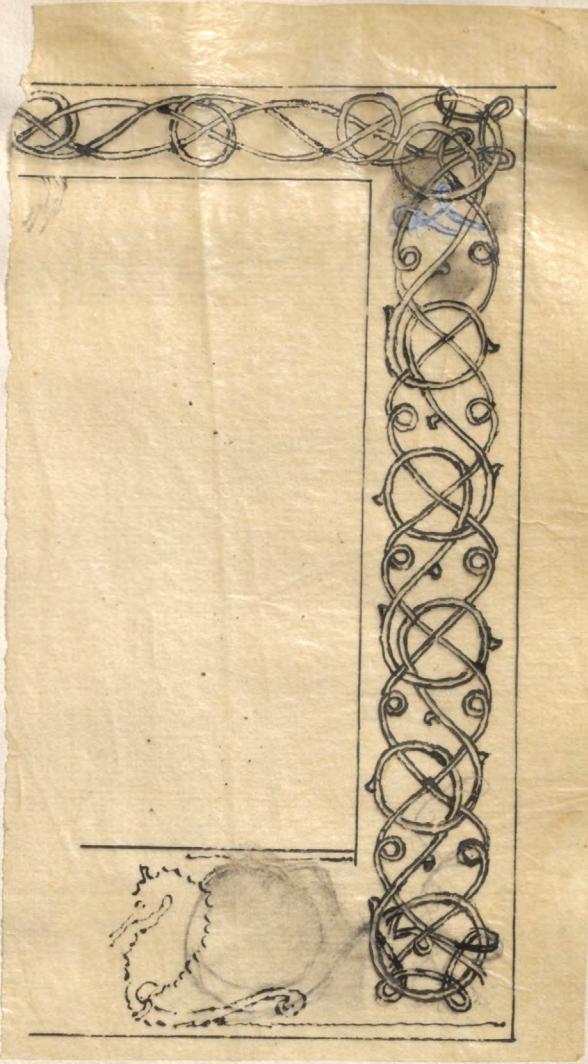
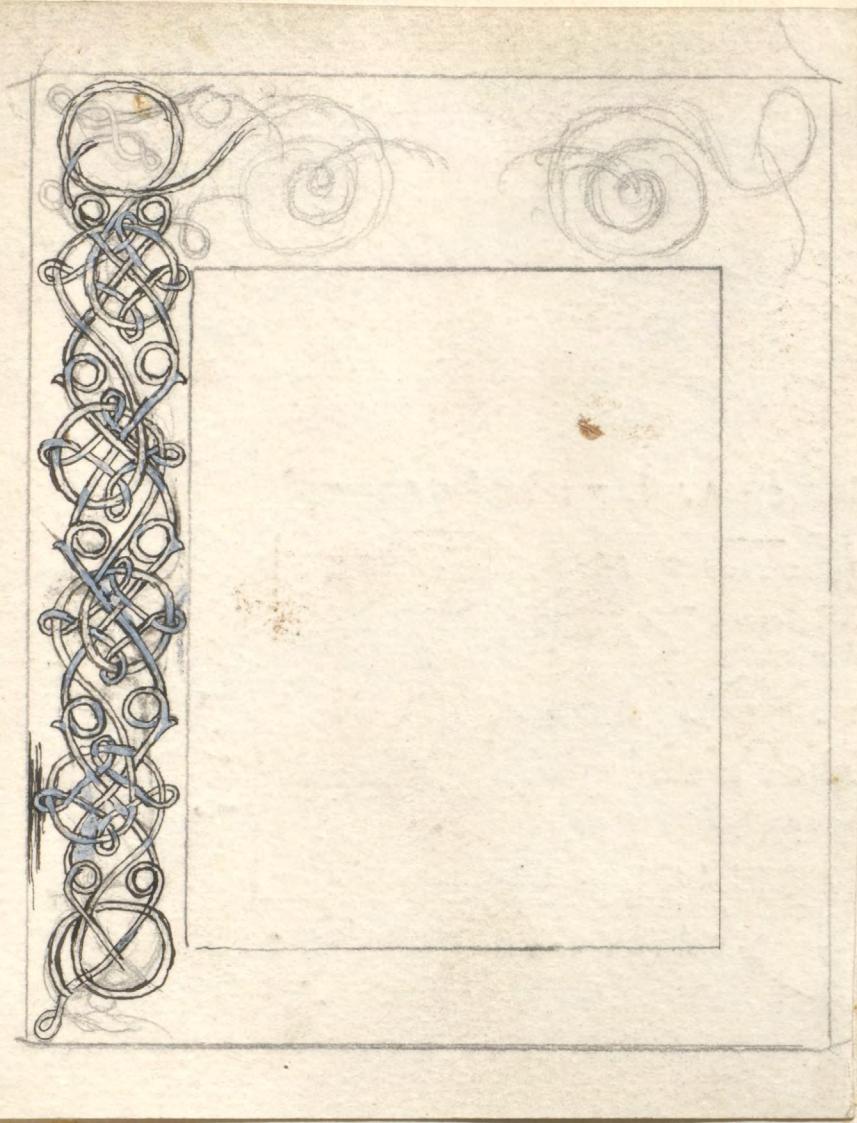
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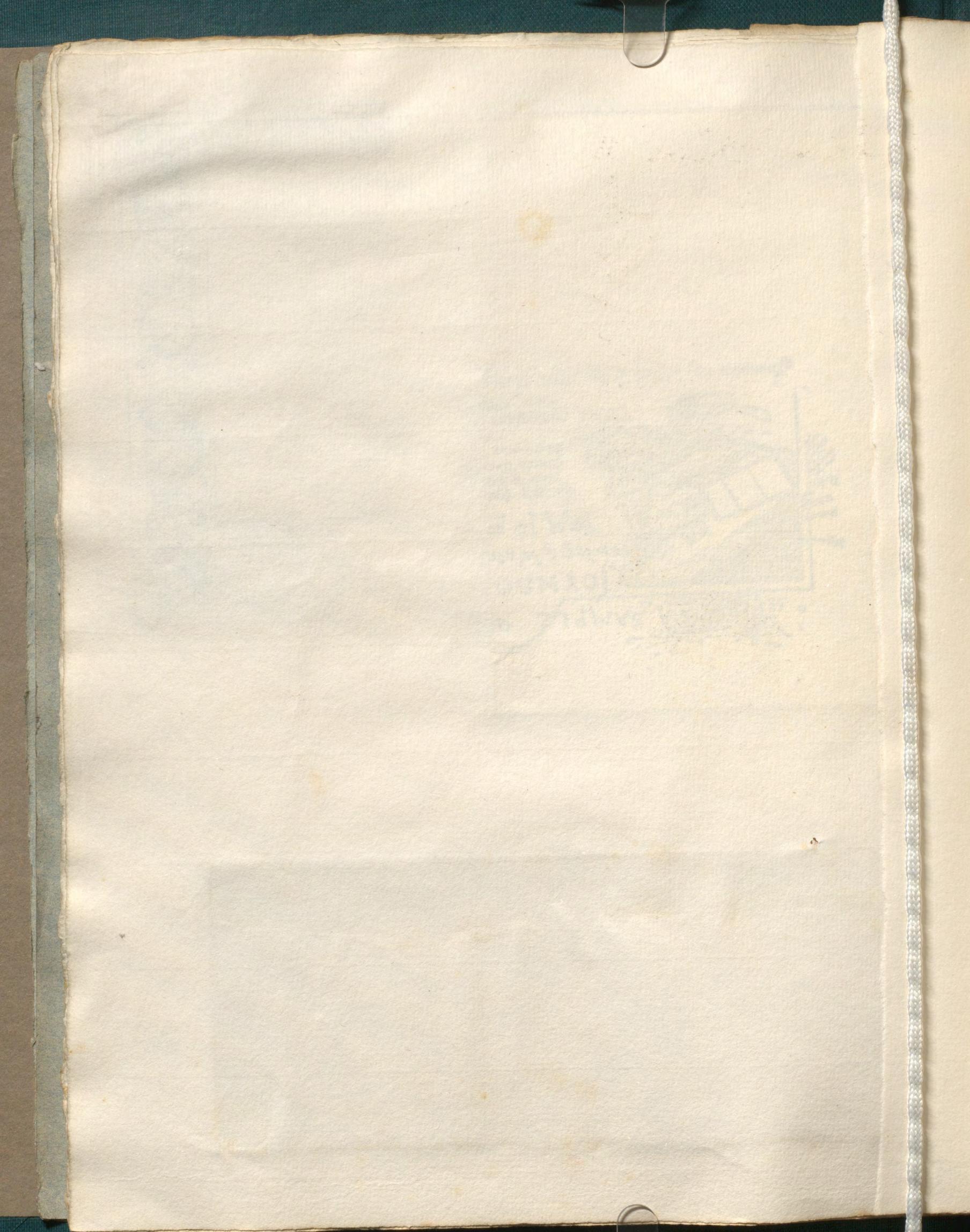


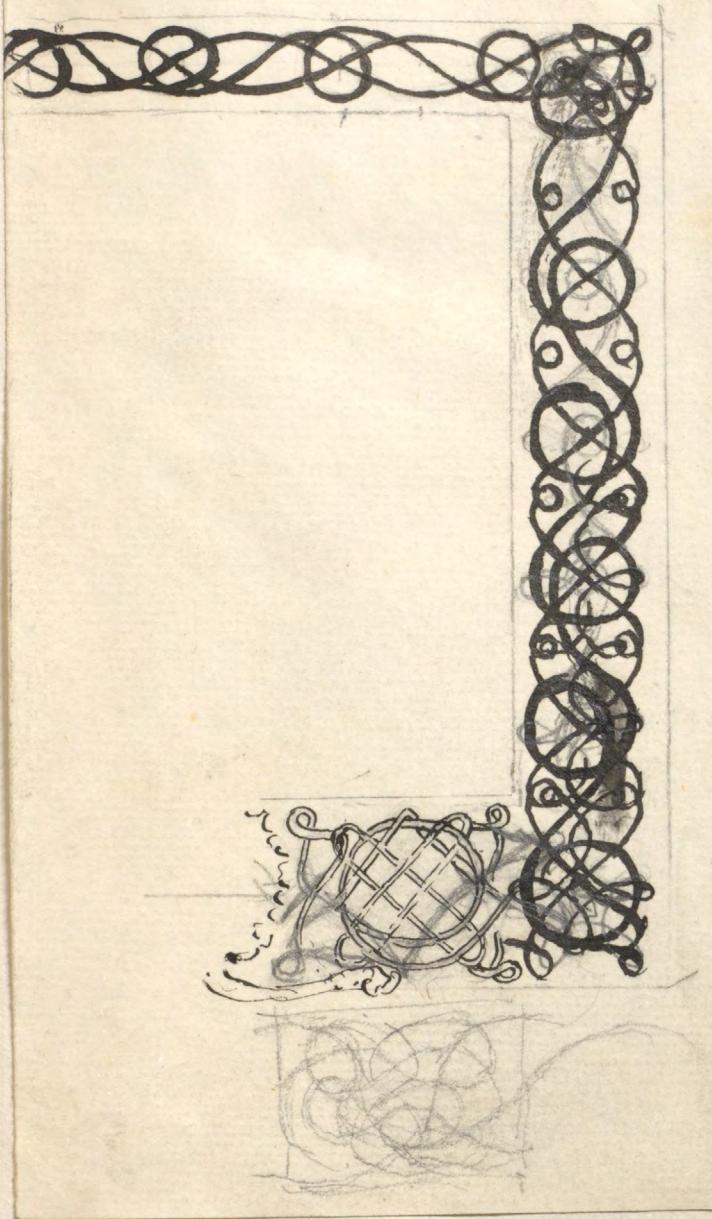














CRADDOKES LADY



"Bonne Dame  
MANTLE"

HE BOY AND  
THE MANTLE.



N the third day of May,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wisdome.





HE BOY AND THE MANTLE.



**N** the third day of May,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wisdome.

**A**kirtle and a mantle  
This child had uppon,  
With 'brouches' and  
ringes  
Full richelye bedone.

**H**e had a sute of silke  
About his middle drawne;  
Without he cold of curtesye  
He thought itt much shame.

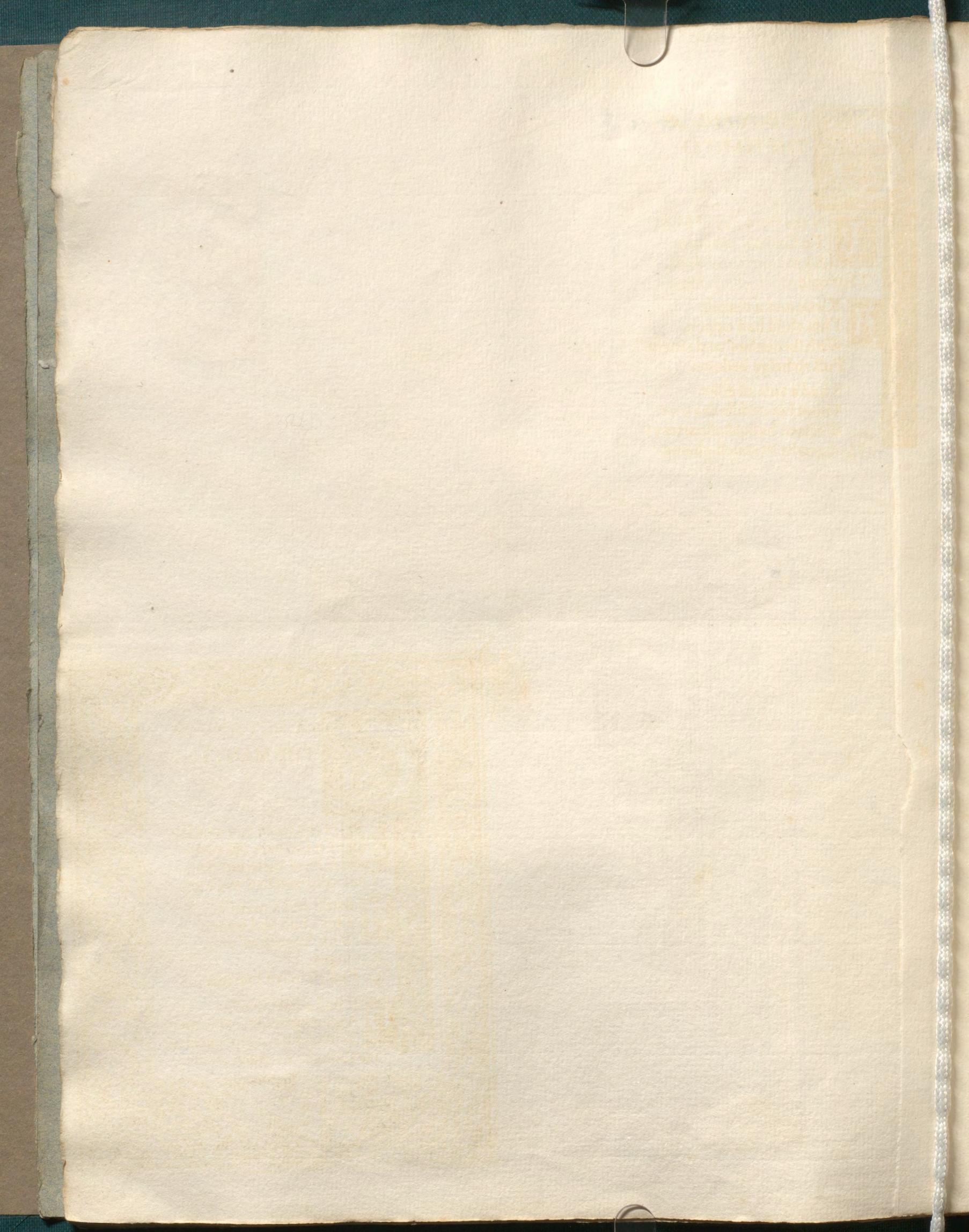


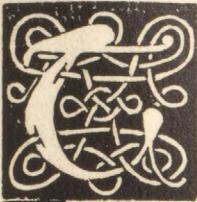
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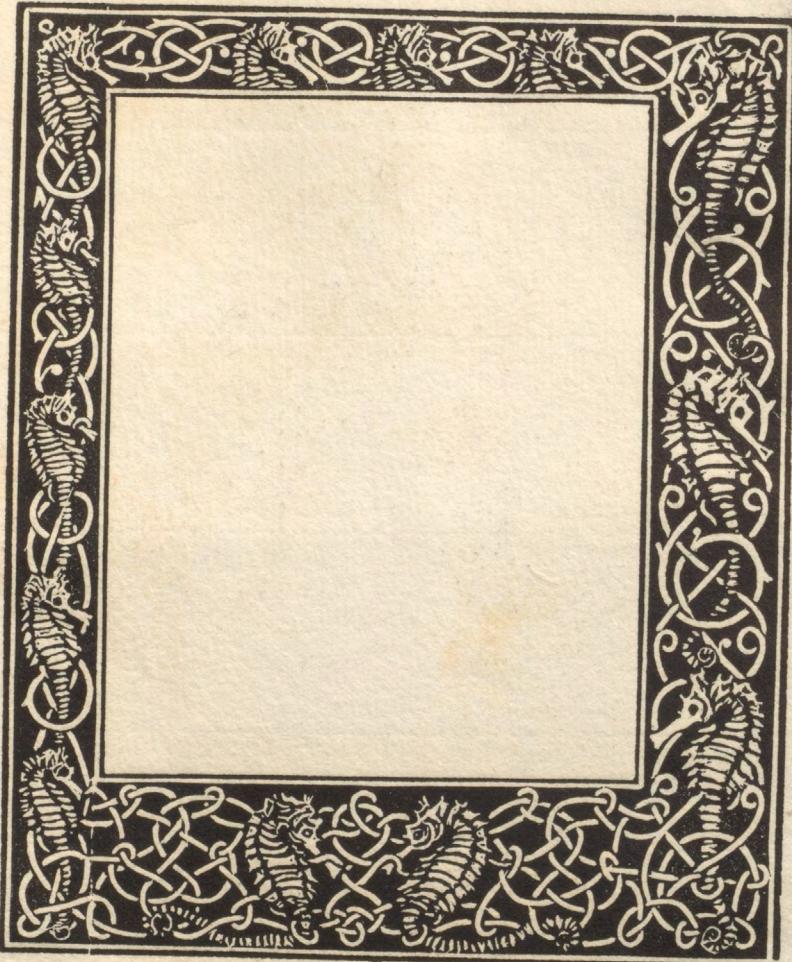
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Full richelye bedone,

**H**E had a sute of silke  
About his middle drawne;  
Without he cold of curtesye  
He thought itt much shame.

**G**OD speed thee, King Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meat:  
And the goodly Queene Guenever,  
I cannot her forgett.



**I**t tell you, lords, in this hall;  
I hett you all to 'heede';  
Except you be the more surer  
Is you for to dread."

**H**e plucked out of his 'poterner',  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betweene two nut-shells.

2

**A**VE thou here, King Arthur;  
Have thou heere of mee:  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye.





AVE thou here, King Arthur;  
Have thou heere of mee:  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye.



VAE upon her, King Arthur!  
Has she poor people to weep:  
Give it to thy country distress  
Spoken as in a trysting place.



A VE thou here, King Arthur;  
Have thou heere of mee:  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye.



I T shall never become the wiffe,  
That hath once done amisse."  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Began to care for 'his.'



ORTH came Dame Guenever;  
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'  
The ladye shee was newfangle,  
But yett shee was affrayd.

a2

3



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a2

3

**W**HEN shee had taken the mantle;  
She stoode as shee had beene madd:  
It was from the top to the toe  
As sheeres had itt shread.

**S**o ne while was itt 'gule';  
**O**nother while was itt greene;  
Another while was itt wadded  
Ill itt did her beseeme.

**A**nother while was it blacke  
And bore the worst hue:  
"By my troth,"  
Quoth king Arthur,  
"I think thou be not true."

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"I think thou be not true."

EE threw downe the mantle,  
hat bright was of blee;  
ast with a rudd redd,  
o her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,  
at clothe that had wrought;  
I bade a vengeance on his crowne  
at hither hath itt brought.

**I** had rather be in a wood,  
Under a greene tree;  
Than in King Arthurs cort  
Shamed for to bee."

b

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HEE threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.



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Than in King Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee."

b

5

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She stooode as shee had beene madd:  
It was from the top to the toe  
As sheeres had itt shread.

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It was from the top to the toe:  
As sheeres had itt shread.

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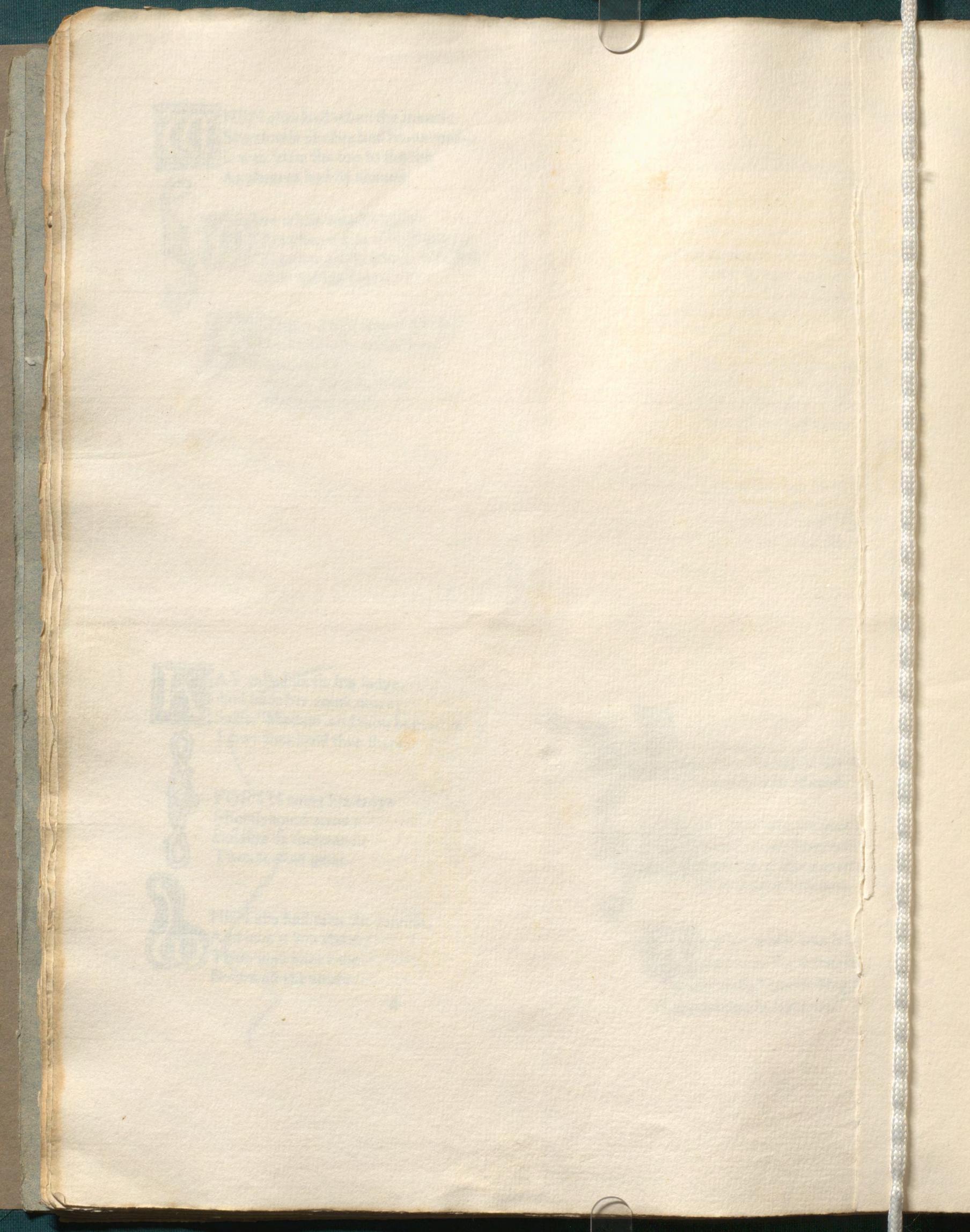
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Under a greene tree;  
Than in King Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee."

b

5



**K**AY called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere;  
Saies, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.

**F**ORTH came his ladye  
Shortlye and anon;  
Boldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

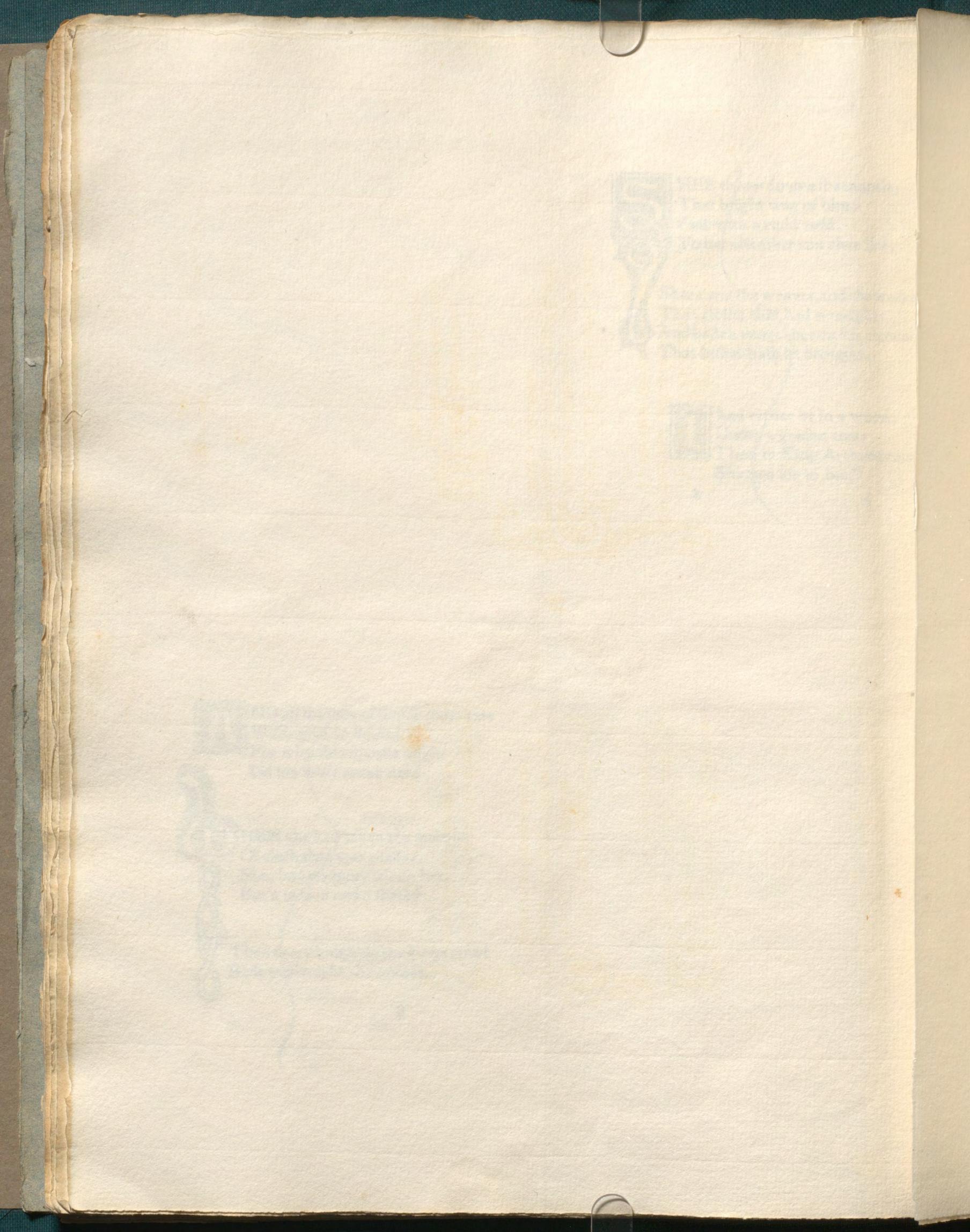
**H**EN she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about;  
Then was shee bare  
Before all the rout.

6

**G**HEN every knight,  
That was in the Kings court,  
Talked, laughed, and showted  
Full oft at that sport.

**S**HEE threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

**F**ORTH came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he profferred to this little boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;



**A**ND all the time of the Christmasse  
Willinglye to ffeede;  
For why this mantle might  
Do his wiffe some need.

**W**HEN she had taken the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made,  
Shee had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed:  
  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might she speede.

8

**S**HEE threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
And fast,with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

**R**ADDODCKE called forth his ladye  
And bade her come in  
Saith ,“Winne this mantle,ladye,  
With a litle dinne.

**W**inne this mantle,ladye,  
And it shall be thine,  
If thou never did amisse  
Since thou wast mine.

9



**I**ORTH came Craddockes ladye  
Shortly and anon;  
But boldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

**W**HEN shee had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crowt:  
Shee said, "bowe downie ,mantle,  
And shame me not for nought.

10

**O**NCE I did amisse,  
I tell you certaintye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Under a greene tree;  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he marryed me."

**A**HEN shee had her shreeven,  
And her sines shee had tolde;  
The mantle stooде about her  
Right as shee wold:

11



EEMELYE of coulour  
Glittering like gold:  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold.



hen spake dame Gueener  
To Arthur our king;  
“She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with right, but with wronge.



ee you not yonder woman,  
That maketh herself soe cleane  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fiveteene;

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Of men fiveteene;

12

**P**RIESTS,clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bedeene:  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane."

Then spake the litle boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold:  
Sayes, "King, chasten thy wiffe,  
Of her words shee is to bold:

**S**HEE is a bitch and a witch,  
And a whore bold:  
King, in thine owne hall  
Thou art a cuckolde."

c

13



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King, in thine owne hall  
Thou art a cuckolde."

c

13

When I see him, I am glad.  
Before he cometh, I am sad.

**G**HE little boy stooode  
Looking out a dore;  
And there as he was lookinge  
He was ware of a wyld bore.

**h**E was ware of a wylde bore,  
Wold have werryed a man:  
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
Fast thither that he ran:

**H**E brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man.

14

**H**E brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold:  
He said "there was never  
A cuckolds kniffe carve itt that cold."

**S**OME rubbed their knives  
Upon a whetstone:  
Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child  
Stood looking upon them;  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

c2

15

**R**ADDOLKE had a litle knive  
Of iron and of steele;  
He britled the bores head  
Wonderous weeble;  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morsell.

**H**E little boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge:  
He said "there was noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne;  
But he shold it sheede  
Either behind or beforene."

**S**OME shedd on their shoulder,  
And some on their knee;  
He that cold not hit his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye:  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see.

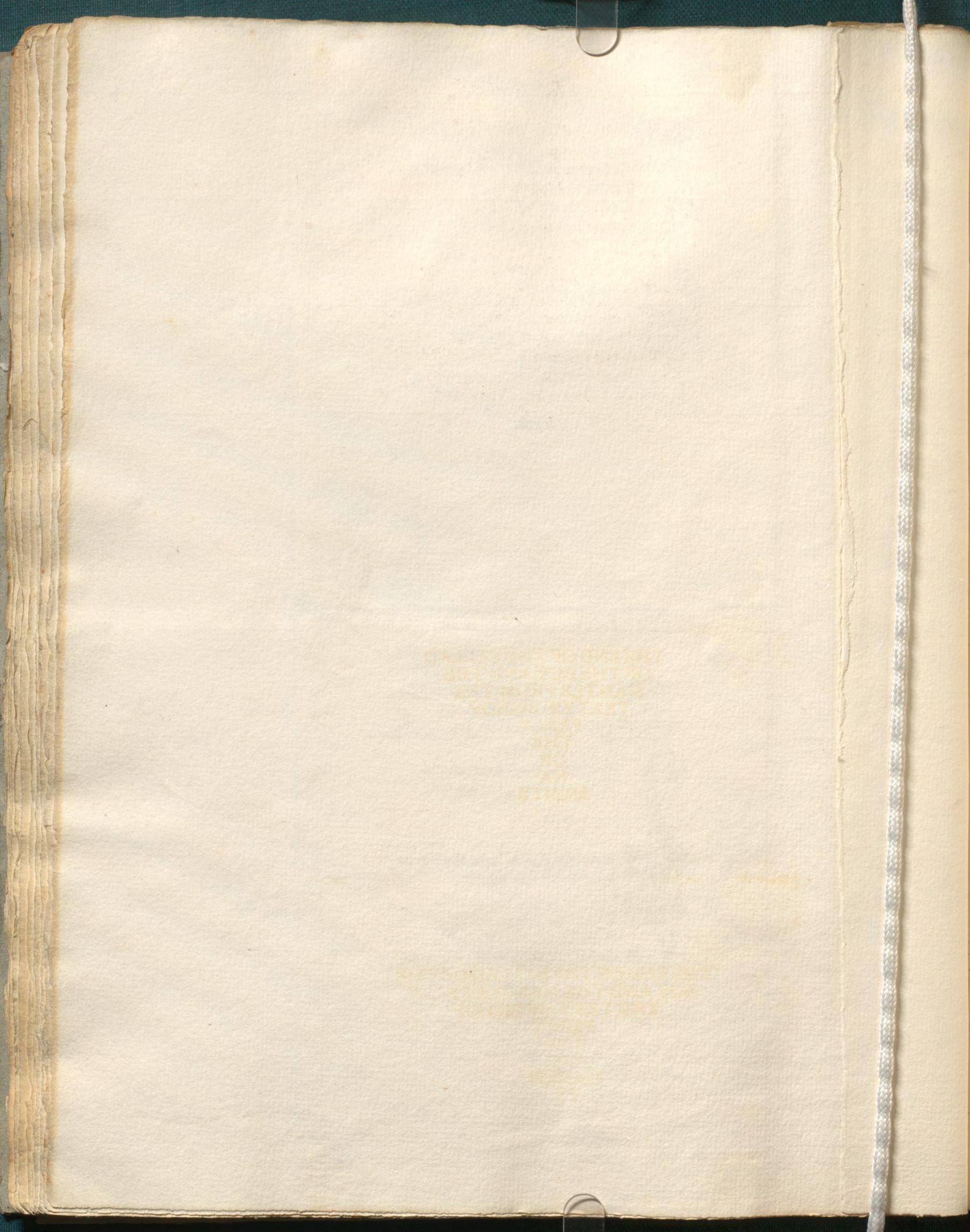
**C**RADDOCKE wan the horne,  
And the bores head:  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede.  
Everye such lovely ladye  
God send her well to speede.

*Caps.*

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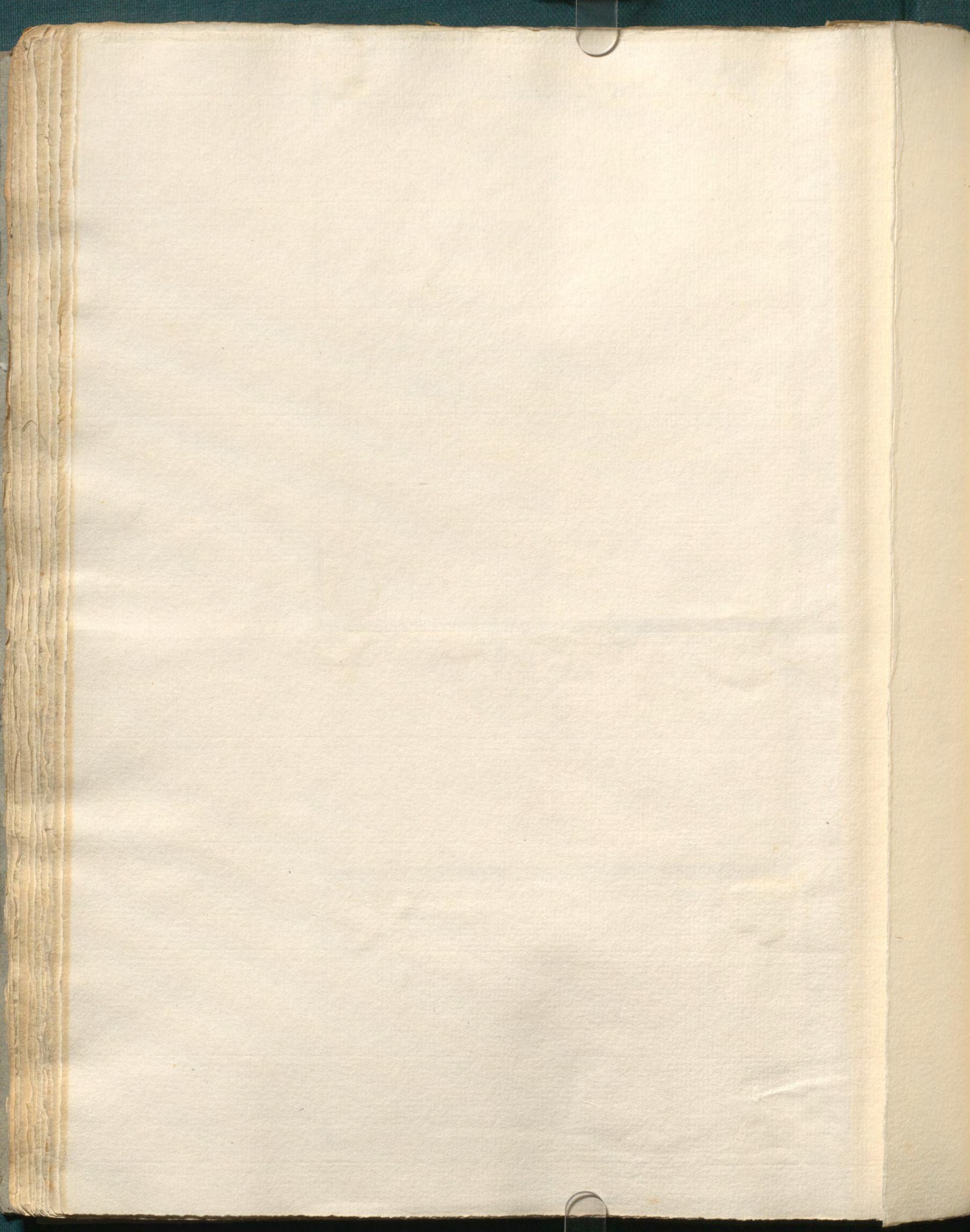




The end of the ballad of  
the Boy & the Mantle  
from the text of  
Bishop Percy. &  
The ornaments designed  
and cut on wood  
and the whole printed  
and bound by H. G. Webb  
at Caradoc Bedford Park  
Chiswick Finished  
April, 1790 M DCCCC.

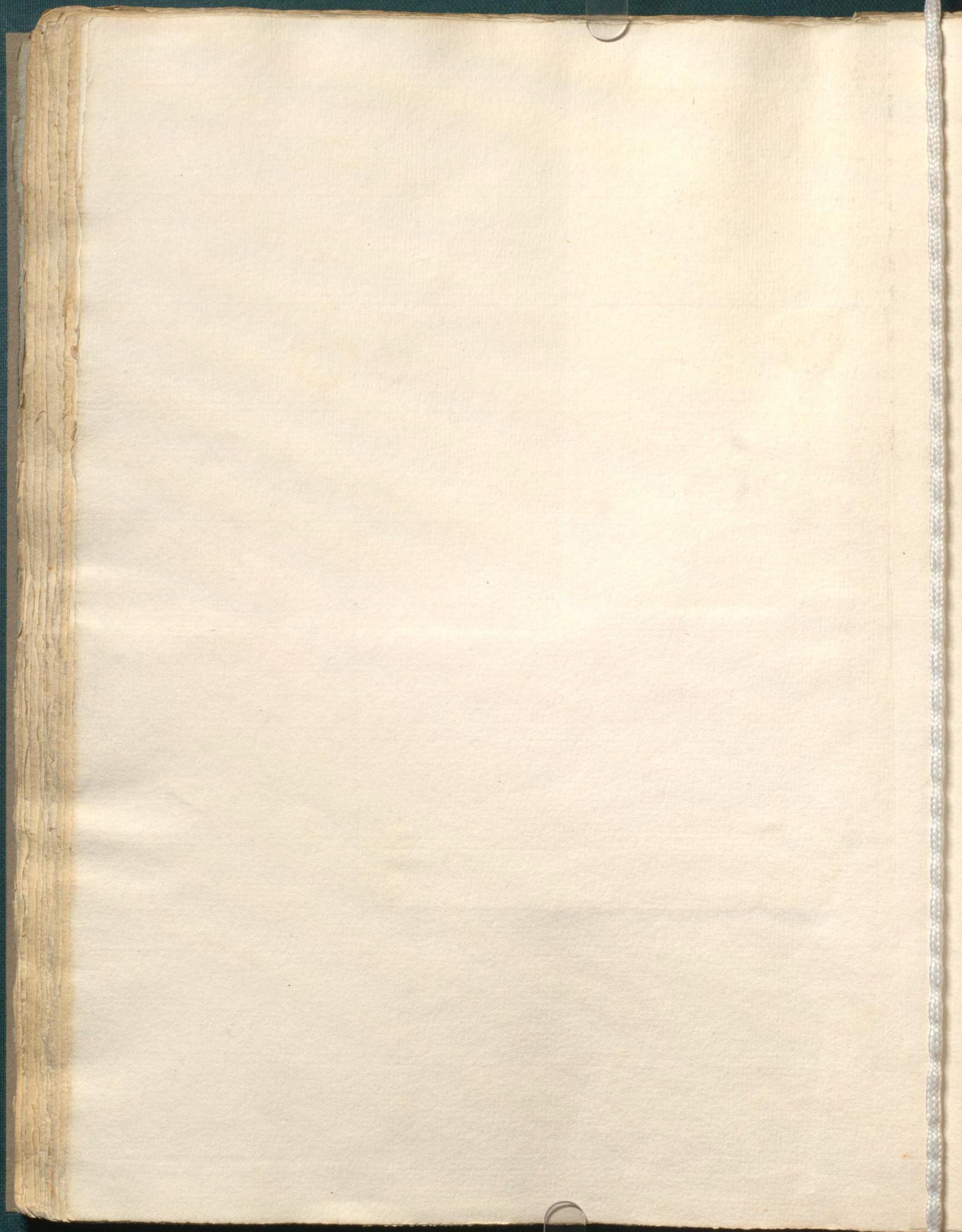
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THE END OF THE BALLAD OF THE  
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THE ORNAMENTS DESIGN.

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